

Choice Poetry.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[The following poem, composed by Mrs. Gustave Re-
mick, and dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, was read at the
Scott centennial in Philadelphia, in 1871.]

When Edinburgh in beauty fair
His life's a radiant glow,
Mid Scotland's scenes of wonders rare,
The hills and breezes between
Great Nature on Creation smiled,
A hundred years ago.

And gave a "wonder" to a child,
To bless the world below.
Endowed with gentleness of heart,
A stranger's gift of mind,
A soul sincere and free from art,
A spirit pure and kind.

He grew in wisdom, wit and worth,
Till all might clearly seen,
And feeling virtue's pure control,
Stamp him an upright man.
"Watch well!"—the motto of his life,
Engraved on his brow.

The monitor, to calm or stir,
The teacher, to guide or lead,
The friend, to cheer or cheer,
The foe, to conquer and defeat,
He traversed the world with ease,
And brought his treasure back again.
To yield historic lore.

The herald of his native land,
Of Highland song and story,
He pleased with a master hand,
And with a patriot's pride,
New life he gave to legends old,
He wrote the world's history.

Great King of Scottish minstrelsy!
Though other bards may sing,
The magic name of Walter Scott,
Bright thoughts of the world bring,
"Rob Roy," and "The Lady of the Lake,"
"Montrose," and "Mistress May,"
"Kilbride," and "The Lady of the Lake,"
"The Lady of the Lake,"

And "The Scottish Thistle," seen
In woodland or on hill,
Hall and castle, tower and ruin, I ween,
And dreams of yore recall,
Hail, Alexander, first dwelling place,
Of genius, free from state,
The homestead of his kindred race,
He wrote to call "his" name.

O'er many lands his feet might roam,
His name was like his own dear home,
No spot so bright as his own dear home,
No spot so bright as his own dear home,
And when, in later years, his life
Was ebbing fast away—
The noble nature in his life
Gave us a noble day.

For "Abbotsford" his spirit yearned,
With kith and kin and deer,
To light new hope's fire,
But when he saw the world's hand
Could hold the ancient power,
One look alone, in all his land,
Could bring his heart to rest—
The noble nature in his life
Gave us a noble day.

Ab! "I need you," he said, "I need you,"
The world's hand, he said, "I need you,"
He said, "I need you," he said, "I need you,"
He said, "I need you," he said, "I need you,"
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Bestle his kind and peaceful rest,
Calm as a child may be,
And winds and birds and his heart
Chant sweetest melody,
Immortal spirit! heaven-born mind!
Where rest and peace,
Romance and history combined,
In perfect symmetry.

A hundred years are gone, and still
The world's hand, he said, "I need you,"
Pure as the snow of rippling rill,
Or coral of a shell,
And centuries may come and go,
Yet each historic spot,
O'er which the sun has shone,
Shall speak of Walter Scott.

Select Story.

THE GHOST ROBBER.

On a fine evening in the Spring of 1830, a stranger, mounted on a noble-looking horse, passed slowly over the snow-white limestone road leading through the Black Forest.

Just as the moon was going to set, and the gloomy shadows were beginning to stalk, he drew rein, as he said:

"This must be near the spot, surely. I'll stop here anyhow, for awhile, and see what I can learn."

He thereupon dismounted, and entered the parlor of the inn, where he sat down beside a small table.

"How can I serve you, meinher?" said the landlord.

"See to my horse outside," replied the guest, "and let me have some wine—Rhine wine, if you please."

"Which way, meinher, do you travel?" "To Nassau," replied the guest.

"You will rest here to night, I suppose," continued the landlord.

"I will stay here for two or three hours, but I must be on my way before midnight."

"And you have considerable money with you, no doubt?" asked the landlord, innocently.

"Yes, considerable," replied the guest, sipping at his wine disinterestedly.

"Then, if you'll take my advice," said the landlord, "you'll stay here to night."

"Why?" replied the stranger, looking up curiously.

"Because," whispered the landlord, looking around as if he were disclosing a great secret, "and was afraid of being heard by somebody else, 'every man that passed over the road between this inn and Nassau at night for the last ten years, has been robbed or murdered under very singular circumstances.'"

"What were the circumstances?" asked the stranger, putting down his glass empty, and preparing to fill it again.

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stranger, quietly, but with a firmness which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the person addressed.

"Go!" faltered the guide, "my horse won't go."

"Won't he?" queried the stranger, with mock simplicity.

The guide heard a sharp click, and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He seemed to understand perfectly, for he immediately drove his spur into his horse's flanks, and, ahead of his companion without another word.

He no sooner reached his old position, however, than the stranger saw him give a sharp turn to the right, and then disappear, as though he had vanished through the foliage of the trees that skirted the road.

He heard the clatter of his horse, as he galloped off. With a gasp, he turned round, and, as he touched his horse lightly with the reins, gave him a prick with the rowels, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much superior to the other, the race was a short one, and, ter-
rificed by the guide being thrown nearly from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon his bridle, stopping him.

He turned in his seat, beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and, looking violently as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his cheek.

"This cursed beast almost ran away with me," cried the guide, attempting to dismount as well as he could, under the circumstances.

"Yes, I know," said his companion, drily; "that mark my young man, if your horse plays such tricks as he does, he'll mean for seriously injuring his master's health."

They both turned and entered back to the road. When they reached it again, and turned the heads of the animals in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide, in a tone which would have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness.

"Now, friend, Wilhelm, I hope we understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on ahead of me, in the right road, without swerving either to the right or left. If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you, without a word of notice. Now push on."

The guide had started as directed, but it was evident, from his mutterings, that he was alarmed at something besides the action of his fellow-traveler.

In the meantime the thunder had increased its violence, and the flashes of lightning had become more frequent and more blinding.

For awhile the two horsemen rode on in silence, each keeping up his own conversation to the letter, while his fellow-traveler watched his every movement as a cat would watch a mouse.

Just as the guide stopped and looked back behind him, again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol, and saw his uplifted arm.

"Have mercy, meinher," he groaned, "I dare not give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger, sternly. "Due!"

In heaven's name, spare," implored the guide, almost overpowered by the "look back" before me in the road, and you will not blame me."

The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the centre of the road, but, as he drew nearer, he perceived that it was a dead horse, and he saw that the white figure was indeed ghastly and frightful enough looking to chill the blood in the veins of even the bravest man.

Therefore, it was not through any fear that he felt for his ghostly interpreter, for the next instant he was going to ride up to the figure, and between them just loud enough to be heard by his terror-stricken guide.

"Be it man or devil—ride it down—I'll follow!"

With a cry of despair upon his lips, the guide urged his horse forward at the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger, who held his pistol ready in his right hand.

In another instant the guide would have swept past the dreadful spot, but at that instant the report of a pistol rang through the woods, and, as the guide started, a horse galloped off through the woods riderless.

Finding himself alone, the stranger raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the ghastly man, and, as he fired, he saw the figure disappear.

The apparition approached quickly, but in no hostile attitude. The stranger stayed his hand, and, as he drew nearer, he saw that the figure was a man, and he saw that the man was a man of a noble and noble bearing.

"Here, Wilhelm, you move out of your perch this minute, and give me a helping hand. I've had a long ride, and my horse is tired."

The stranger was nonplussed for a moment, but recovering himself, he grumbled something unintelligible, and leaped to the ground. One word, and the stranger and the guide were perfectly still. By the snow-white tracings on the world-bee ghost, he was next enabled to grope his way in the dark toward that individual, who, as the stranger and the guide, had been about the size of a man, on the road.

As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the stranger leaped upon the stooping figure before him, and, as he did so, he saw the figure's face, and he saw that the figure was a man, and he saw that the man was a man of a noble and noble bearing.

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